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THE OUTLOOK.

The famous petroleum wells at Baku, on the Caspian, show signs of exhaustion. The price of the product, too, has gone up from two to three hundred per cent. If this decline in the flow of the crude oil proves to be permanent, the plan of piping it to the Black Sea so as to bring it more readily to the refineries and to the market will be abandoned, and our own oil will have no serious competitor either in Europe or Asia.

The decline of the Knights of Labor from a membership of over half a million to less than 100,000, not only shows that the order "has ceased to be a factor in the labor problem," but seems also to throw a serious doubt upon the success of any central defensive organization composed of the various trades. Separate unions may exist of particular industries, but the policies and conditions of success of these are so peculiar or divergent that permanent coherence in one body is scarcely to be hoped for—at least, not until Mr. Powderly's idea of uplifting the workmen by education has made some progress.

The unflinching course which the French government has taken towards General Boulanger and his principal sympathizers—convicting them of conspiracy against the State, and sentencing them to be deported to a fortified place—while savoring rather of executive than judicial procedure, has excited no adverse popular comment apparently. The Parisians showed no excitement at the publication of the sentence, but went about their business with a chilly indifference. This is the most cruel of all. The would-be dictator must have realized on the 14th of August, that his last hope was crushed, that the only future before him is one of exile and poverty, if not of imprisonment. Popular discontent in France must either cure itself by legitimate remedies and reforms, or find a new standard-bearer.

With heavy hand-hammers, weighing 13 to 15 pounds each, and short chisels, Chinese miners have been accustomed for ages to chip the limestone rock for silver at Ku-Shan-Tzu, in Mongolia, distant eight-days' travel from Peking. They show no advance upon the methods pursued by the ancient Greeks and Romans. Lately an American expert—Professor Church—has been appointed by the Chinese authorities superintendent of these mines. He has with him an equipment of tools and explosives, and a small force of skilled laborers. U. S. Minister Denby has recently visited these mines and written an interesting description of them to the State department. He says: "I have great hopes that the mines will prove a paying investment. It is not important that they should be a bonanza, but it is all-important that they pay. If they could produce \$500 a day, the problem of progress in China, under American direction, would be solved."

Our new navy grows apace—rapidly enough for safe and effective construction and equipment. The tests of the gunboat "Yorktown" both as to speed and battery are considered satisfactory. Her sister ships, the "Bennington" and "Concord," are nearly completed. During the fall four great cruisers—the "Newark," the "Philadelphia," the "San Francisco," and the "Baltimore"—will be ready for acceptance by the government, together with the "Charleston" of the same class, which has already had one trial trip. Later on, the armored cruisers, "Maine" and "Texas" will be added to the list, with the "Puritan" transformed into a powerful battleship. Of the monitors, the "Miantonomah" is nearly completed; the "Anphitrite," "Monadnock," and "Terror," are in process of construction, or re-construction. Mention, too, should be made of the dynamite cruiser "Vesuvius," whose speed trial was successful, and of the new sea-going torpedo boat just built by the Herreshoffs, the contract for which calls for a speed of twenty-two knots. Besides all these Congress has provided for a submarine monitor, to be built from a design by Congressman J. R. Thomas, five rapid-fire cruisers, a sister ship to the "Vesuvius," a practice ship for the naval school, a harbor ram of the plan designed by Admiral Ammen, and four steam tugs. The movement to re-habilitate our navy lingered long, but no one can now complain of governmental neglect. The ships that will proudly fly our flag will not suffer in comparison with those of any nation.

Delegates—those from Brazil at least—to the approaching Congress of American nations at Washington, have already arrived in this country. Mexico was somewhat tardy in selecting a representative, but President Diaz has recently appointed Admiral Monasterio, a former under-secretary of the navy, to be commissioner not only to the International American Congress, but also to the Maritime Conference. The Congress will meet Oct. 20. All the nations interested have signified their intention to be represented except Paraguay, Haiti, and San Domingo. A committee of the New York Board of Trade, in response to a request from Secretary Blaine for suggestions with regard to the matters which should come

before the Congress, has drawn up a suggestive report. From this document it appears that while this country imports heavily from South American countries, our exports are comparatively small. Owing to lack of direct communication and of subsidized lines we sell to these countries only \$50,000,000 of our products annually, while France, England and Germany are selling \$400,000,000. The United States should claim at least 50 per cent. of this export trade, the committee thinks; and it should be carried in American bottoms. The committee further recommends the adoption of measures tending to preserve peace and prosperity; the formation of an American customs union; a uniform system of weights and measures, the protection of patent rights, copy-rights, and trade-marks, and the extradition of criminals; the adoption of a common silver coin, and the formulation of an arbitration scheme for settling all international disputes. It will be seen from these recommendations that the coming Congress will not lack subjects to discuss, and that its session promises to be a protracted one.

Three months ago Dr. Brown-Séquard, of Paris, now in his 73rd year, experimented upon himself hypodermically with a fluid which he had prepared from the blood and certain glands of a dog and some guinea pigs. His purpose was to determine whether vitalizing fluids taken from the bodies of healthy animals could be safely transferred into the human circulation as a means of prolonging and invigorating life. In his own case ten injections were made in arms and legs, between May 15 and June 4, and the results of the experiment were given to the world in a paper, read before the Société de Biologie in Paris. These results were indeed surprising: "Before the experiments he was so weak that he was invariably compelled to sit after working half an hour in his laboratory; and for many years he had been so exhausted after returning home at 6 o'clock as to be forced at once to go to bed. After the experiments he was able to stand for three or four hours in his laboratory and to write in the evening for an hour and a half without weariness. Instead of creeping and hobbling on a staircase, he could run up and down like a boy. His arms, tested by a dynamometer, regained a strength which they had not possessed for twenty-six years. Digestion and other functions were markedly improved. With regard to the faculty of intellectual labor, which had greatly diminished with advancing age, he records a decided return to normal conditions. In brief, all functions depending on the spinal chord and nervous centres were notably and rapidly strengthened by the action of the vitalized principles." The beneficial effects lasted just one month, and then the pre-existing infirmities returned. The doctor believes that "while special nutritive actions bring about certain changes in men and animals are absolutely fatal and irreversible." It is yet possible, by means of this discovery to remedy temporarily disease, muscle, and nerve centres with youthful energy. The practicability and value of his assertions are being tested by physicians all over the world. The probability is that Dr. Brown-Séquard's "dark-red decoction" will be found, under certain conditions, one of the best of hypodermic tonics or exhilarants. The true "elixir of life" will continue to be found in continence, exercise, proper diet and a good conscience.

The two "sensations" of the past week were the shameful exposure in the Flack divorce case in New York, and the shooting of ex-Judge Terry in Lathrop, Cal. James M. Flack, sheriff of New York City, in the name of his wife, but without her knowledge, succeeded in procuring, on the ground of adultery, an absolute divorce from her. The decree was promptly annulled by the judge who granted it when the wronged woman made affidavit that all the alleged proceedings so far as she was concerned were utterly fraudulent, and that she had never heard of the lawyer who claimed to be her attorney. It remains to be seen what the courts will do with the official who has been guilty of this flagrant conspiracy and crime against justice, and with those who aided him. In the Field-Terry case, it appears that Terry, who killed Senator Broderick thirty years ago in a duel and whose career has been a stormy and violent one, had threatened the life of Judge Field because the latter had most deservedly sent him to jail for contempt of court; so that the danger of Judge Field was regarded as so imminent that U. S. Deputy Marshal Nagle was detailed to attend and protect him; that Terry, with his wife, the notorious Sarah Althea Hill, tried to enter the same sleeper with Field, but could not get accommodations; that she left the restaurant the next morning to procure a satchel which was afterwards found to contain a pistol. The tragedy occurred in her absence. There is little doubt, says the New York Tribune, "that they meditated murder, and if the Deputy Marshal had been a little less prompt with his revolver, the world might have been scandalized by the assassination of a judge of our highest court in revenge for action taken in the line of duty."

A NOTE FROM CHAPLAIN M'CABE.

Eighteen years ago, in company with Bishop Ames, I saw Denver City, Colorado, for the first time. Where most of the city now stands, the prairie dogs still had their little homes and barked at us as we passed over the very spot where now stands the magnificent new Trinity Church. Denver Methodist has taken great leaps and bounds since then. We now have eleven Methodist Episcopal churches in the city, and the great University of Denver has begun its brilliant career. Loyal hearts have laid their gifts at Jesus' feet by the hundred thousand. There seems to be no end to the princely liberality of the great-hearted Methodists. If any one should ask me what pleased me most about our church in this city I would say, "The manner in which Trinity Church seats the great congregations which worship there." Any person by promising to pay something each Sabbath, can have a seat in

that church. It may be five cents, it may be ten dollars, but it must be paid weekly. The millionaire and the mechanic sit together in the Lord's house. You cannot tell which is the rich man, or which is the poor man. The trustees depend upon the honor of the people to keep their promises. The result is an average weekly voluntary offering of \$300; or \$15,600 per annum. This pays all expenses and the interest on their debt until it shall be paid; for every dollar of it is provided for in good subscriptions.

Rev. H. A. Buchtel, D. D., is pastor. He is wonderfully successful. He goes for victory every time, and "gets there."

Grace Church is another magnificent building. To this church Governor Evans and Bishop Warren and family belong.

Yesterday was Missionary Day. Trinity gave \$1,800, Grace \$1,100—an increase in these two churches of \$1,600 over the collections of last year. Rev. A. H. Lucas began his ministry at Grace Church by a great missionary meeting which filled the church to its utmost. Considering the fact that they have all been building new churches and subscribing to the University, these are most encouraging collections.

I only wish I had a thousand such churches right in line, and could hold three meetings a day till we could sight the two-million line for missions, and turn this battle of the Lord of hosts into complete and overwhelming victory.

To-night at Trinity the eleven churches unite in a great missionary mass-meeting.

THE BEST BOOK ON BUDDHISM.

BY PRESIDENT WILLIAM F. WARREN.

I HAVE often been asked by former pupils and others to indicate the best single work on Buddhism. Hitherto it has not been easy to answer. The best work on this or that local type of the system, or the best in this or that language, or the best for this or that purpose, would never seem to commend itself as the best, all things considered. Today, however, I think it no exaggeration to say, that from the University of Oxford we have at length a book better adapted than any other, either in the English or in any other language, to induct the general reader into a clear, comprehensive and judicial view of historic and contemporaneous Buddhism. The work to which I refer is entitled, "Buddhism in Its Connection with Brahmanism and Hinduism, and in Its Contrast with Christianity." Its author is Sir Monier Monier-Williams, the eminent Sanscrit Professor. As to his rare Oriental scholarship no one acquainted with the place held in Europe by his Sanscrit Dictionary, Sanscrit Grammar, and Manual, can have any question; while readers of his well-known "Indian Wisdom," "Modern India and the Indians," and especially his great work on "Brahmanism and Hinduism," will readily accord to him the candor, the patience, and the philosophic insight essential to the scientific cultivator of the field of religions.

In his preface to the book, he briefly states some of the points which give to his researches interest and value—or, as he modestly expresses it, "a distinctive character of their own." The reader of these lines will, I am sure, thank me for reproducing them in this place. They are as follows:—

"In the first place, I have been able to avail myself of the latest publications of the Pali Text Society, and to consult many recent works which previous writers have not had at their command. Secondly, I have striven to combine scientific accuracy with a popular exposition sufficiently readable to satisfy the wants of the cultured English-speaking world—a world crowded with intelligent readers who take an increasing interest in Buddhism, and yet know nothing of Sanscrit, Pali and Tibetan. Thirdly, I have arrived at effecting what no other English Orientalist has, to my knowledge, ever accomplished. I have endeavored to deal with a complex subject as a whole, and to present in one volume a comprehensive survey of the entire range of Buddhism from its earliest origin in India to its latest modern developments in other Asiatic countries. Fourthly, I have brought to the study of Buddhism, and its sacred language Pali, a life-long preparatory study of Brahmanism and its sacred language Sanscrit. Fifthly, I have on three occasions traveled through the sacred land of Buddhism, and have carried on my investigations personally in the place of its origin, as well as in Ceylon and on the borders of Tibet. Lastly, I have depicted Buddhism from the standpoint of a believer in Christianity, who has shown by his other works on Eastern religions an earnest desire to give them credit for all the good they contain."

Twenty-one well-chosen and well-executed illustrations add not a little to the value of the work.

As it is often falsely stated that Buddhism numbers more adherents than any other religion, our author has done well to investigate the question. The conclusions which he reaches agree almost precisely with those already published by Professor Legge of Oxford, and by Dr. H. P. Sinha of Calcutta. According to these, Buddhism, numerically considered, must take the fourth place among the great religions of the world, the true order being as follows:

1. Christianity, 430 to 450 millions.
2. Confucianism (no figures given).
3. Hinduism, about 200 millions.
4. Buddhism, about 100 millions.
5. Mohammedanism (no exact estimate).
6. Taoism (no figures given).

He concludes his discussion with the following remark:—

"It is possible that a careful census might result in a more favorable estimate of the number of Buddhists in the world, than I have here submitted; but at all events it may safely be alleged that even as a form of popular religion Buddhism is gradually losing its vitality—gradually losing its hold on the vast populations once loyal to its rule; nay, that the time is rapidly approaching when its capacity for resistance must give way before the mighty forces which are destined in the end to sweep it from the earth."

Elsewhere he affirms:—

"Its present condition is one of rapidly-increasing disintegration and decline."

In his treatment of the symbolism of Buddhism Professor Williams preserves the same good sense which characterizes him in his historic researches. In a footnote he frankly says, "I am no believer in the learned M. Senart's sun theory." To Kern I find no allusion beyond a mention in a general list of writers on the subject. Other fantasists of less learning are passed over in deserved silence. Highly judicious and candid also are the remarks upon Mystical Buddhism and Asiatic Occultism in Lecture X. His contrast of the entire system with Christianity closes the book, and will be of much interest to all readers interested in Christian missions. Dr. Kellogg's "Light of Asia and the Light of the World" is a good companion-piece for it.

All in all, as a well-digested compendium of substantially all that is known to scholars respecting Buddhism, northern and southern, ancient and modern, this stately volume may safely be commended to the general reader as the best extant.

Boston University.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

BY REV. J. D. FICKLES.

Mr. Editor: The article in ZION'S HERALD of July 31 by James Buckham, entitled "Christianity and Society," is both timely and forcible. The theme itself demands prolonged and radical treatment. For some time my own mind has been exercised along these very lines, and now that Bro. Buckham has so worthily opened the subject, I hope that it may receive extended treatment.

Possibly no question is of more importance than the one now raised. It is indeed "an anomaly" to see the theoretical and literary influence of Christianity as seen in church buildings, church societies, magazines and newspapers, and yet observe how little the real spirit of Christ obtains in commercial, industrial and political relations. Indeed, one is almost forced to the conclusion that to an alarming degree Christianity is a failure in its ability to compel men by inward constraint and by the forcefulness of its own moral majesty to follow the lines which in theory it points out as the true, and only true, course man ethically and spiritually is allowed to pursue. Look, for instance, at the commercial world to-day. Men, brothers in the fellowship of the church of God, partake on Sunday of the body and blood of their common Lord, will on Monday, without remorse, cut each other's throats financially and crowd into bankruptcy their unfortunate competitor if thereby their own possessions can be reinforced by the advantageous purchase of the bankrupt stock! And this is but a common illustration of the spirit displayed and methods followed almost universally in commercial circles. Men are rated by the ability displayed in underbidding, underselling and outmaneuvering the neighboring firms and associates in common pursuits. The fact is, pagan principles are dominant in Christian society and men will have it so.

Take the industrial world—what a commentary on nineteen centuries of Christian thought and teaching do the modern relations of labor and capital present! As was said to me the other day of one who frequently contributed large sums to the church, it was sure to be followed the next week by a cut-down in the wages of the men. What means the vivid difference so observable between members of the same church—the one piling up his thousands annually, the other working for a miserable pittance of a dollar or less a day, with a family on his hands, in the very shop which gives the former his palatial residence and princely outfit? Is this the spirit of Him who said, if any man have two coats, let him give to him that hath none? Does God approve the grinding, crowding, sneering operations of Wall and State Streets, albeit a part of their products are placed in theological schools, universities and churches, and the operators themselves are stewards and deacons in the several churches? Let him answer who will.

Take the political world. Look at one issue now before the people. See how the church itself—and if I may be allowed to particularize, the Methodist Church—is divided on the issue to handle the open saloon and the liquor traffic. Surely if anything could unite the Christian sentiment and forces, and cause them to smite into nothingness this enemy to God and man, it is this. But party is stronger than principle, politics is stronger than piety, and cabal is stronger than Christ. By the way, Mr. Editor, let me thank you for that editorial in the same issue on Col. Haskell's manifesto. Many will give it a hearty amen.

But what can be done? So far as I can see, there is but one thing to be done. The colored standard-bearer of the war suggested the way: "Bring de troops up to de flag," he responded when the colonel ordered it back as in his loyalty and bravery he had borne it far to the front. Our standards are on the true line of battle, our principles are right, but our troops are far in the rear. It seems impossible to enforce discipline. What ought Christianity as embodied in churches to do? Bring up the troops in fact as well as in theory. "But you will lose your members," says one. What of it? A thousand determined men are worth ten thousand vacillating, cowardly mercenaries. The Methodist Church to-day would be twice as influential had she half her membership, provided all her hangers-on would withdraw. The church must be not only individualistic as heretofore, but socialistic, as suggested by Bro. Buckham, and as an organization make herself felt in the current movements of reform and civilization.

Shame to the Christian Church, that she permits the brothel and the saloon to flourish and batten on the spoils of Christian homes and prayer-enriched firesides! I hope that Bro. Buckham has "fired the shot" that will be heard around the world of Christian thought, and will issue in the Church girding herself

anew for the conflict, closing ranks, and in close marching order throwing herself irresistibly upon the organized forces of evil now dominant in human society, first of all, purging herself from the evil leaven and refusing to countenance or connive at the un-Christian and anti-Christian principles and methods now in vogue and followed by too many who are in good and regular standing in the Christian Church. Who can doubt that if Christ should come again, the whip of small cords would be lashed and the temple itself cleansed of the buyers and sellers who have entrenched themselves within its sacred precincts. Let us no longer fight as individuals, or in small parties as guerrillas, but let us order up the whole army and let who will flinch and fly.

METHODISTS AS MAKERS OF EMPIRE.

—(By W. T. STREAR, in the Methodist Times (London).)

THERE are two sides of Methodism, often not apparent to Methodists, but which deserve more attention than they have hitherto received. Most of the best things we do, we do unconsciously; and most of the best things we enjoy come to us as we are doing something else. It was when Saul went a-hunting after the wandering asses of his father, Kish, that he came upon the crown of Israel; and the Pilgrim Fathers only thought they were finding a quiet place to pray when they were in reality founding the American Republic. It is the same with Methodism. John Wesley has wrought vaster things than he ever dreamed of accomplishing when first he set on foot the movement whose ever-growing results encompass the world. Of these I but desire to call attention to two, both of which are of the highest degree of importance in the political sphere.

The first is the extent to which Wesleyanism has acted as a cement of Empire, and thereby contributed materially towards the solution of the supreme political problem of our time. Of all the phenomena of this century, immeasurably the greatest is the Englishing of the world. Forty years ago Emerson declared of the English: "As they are many-headed, so they are many-nationed; their colonization annexes archipelagoes and continents, and their speech seems destined to be the universal language of man." What he saw afar off is now near at hand. Mankind is becoming of one tongue, and that tongue speaks English. All the waste, unoccupied places of the world are being peopled with men of English descent. America is but a larger and continental England; Australia, another island, with an even vaster future than America. The empire of the sea has been ours from of old, and before long all its shores will be English or American. The planet is girdled by infant commonwealths of English-speaking men, virtually independent of the mother country, yet nominally within the Empire; managing their own affairs, yet connected by many subtle and potent ties with the mother country; destined either to present the world with a magnificent spectacle of a pacific federation, too strong to be attacked and too united to fear disruption, or to sadden the heart of mankind by reproducing on a vaster scale the savage and irrational condition of international chaos which at this hour converts Europe into one huge camp. How will these English folk get on together? how will the children of John Bull dwell together in peace and unity when they have grown up?—these are the supremely-important questions of our day. Compared with this pre-eminent problem all others shrink into insignificance. For the future of the world's peace and civilization depends upon the maintenance of an ordered peace and stable relations between the ocean-sundered members of the English family.

It is the glory of Methodism that it has powerfully contributed to the forces which make for peace, unity, and federation. It has done this quite independently of its direct religious teaching. The ties which bind the English offshoots to the English stock, and which make the Americans, for instance, almost as English as Australians, are largely those of association and of interest. Among those ties it is difficult to name any that more powerfully move millions of men than those of religion. There is a famous passage in Carlyle's "Heroes" in which he proclaims that Shakespeare is the real unifier, the permanent king of English-speaking men. Another writer saw in Stratford-on-Avon the centre of the world, the Mecca of the race which in a hundred years will only speak the tongue which Shakespeare spoke. But there are millions of English speakers to whom Shakespeare is no real or living force. They never read his plays, they never go to the theatre. The charm of Stratford does not appeal to them, for they are intellectually or morally outside the pale of literature. The memory of the exploits of the heroes of our race, the valor of our great warriors, the heroism of our reformers, the supreme devotion to duty which characterizes the noblest of our people—these things all are as golden nails which fasten together the edifice of our Empire. But, as a governor of an Australian colony was lamenting to me the other day, the new generation in our colonies is growing up in almost total ignorance of the splendid past of the race to which they belong. The words, the names, the sayings which thrill us as with the sound of a clarion are meaningless to them. History is not taught in the schools because of the wicked quarrel between Protestant and Catholic, and so the New World is growing up cut off from the Old. With these great gaps and abysses separating the English over-sea from the old country, it is difficult to over-estimate the service which has been rendered to the unity of our race by the spread of Methodism. Wherever a Methodist church stands in any part of the world's round surface, there is a generator of the electric bonds of sympathy and interest which unite the peoples. Men who regarded England as a mere geographical expression have learned to regard her as the parent of their religion, the home of the Wesleys, the land of the sacred

sites of the Methodist revival. Under the stimulating influence of Methodism the most famous centres of English life become real and visible to the English-speaker in California or the Antipodes. Epworth is to thousands far more sacred as a pilgrim shrine than Stratford; and the Wesley brothers who founded the Methodist polity are a more living force to-day, constraining the minds of the English-speaking men to brotherly feeling and a sense of national unity, than the Wesleys, although the Wesleys reared the Indian Empire and crushed the empire of Napoleon.

The tie of a common denomination reinforces the link of a common language; and, little as our Anglican friends like to admit it, Methodism is the greatest common denominator of all the Reformed churches. Men are interested in each other by the number of interests which they share. The mere possession in common of the same parts of speech and the use of a common grammar do not in themselves constitute sufficient identity of interest to serve as the basis for unity. Far more real, far more potent, are the common interests of the common faith. Methodists all speak English; England is their Holy Land. Here are the tombs of their apostles and the original tabernacle of their faith. Wherever they go the English tradition encompasses them, and in America and in New Zealand constant appeal is made to the rulings, the decisions, and the precedents established by the English Conferences. Even without this the Methodist all over the world is thinking about the same things from the same standpoint. He is confronting the same problems, conquering the same difficulties. His thoughts are all cast in the same mould—that mould is English. Hence a quite incalculable addition to the security that the English-speaking communities will in the future decide to federate in recognition of the community of their interests rather than to drift or fly apart into more or less antagonistic states.

The second phase of the political service which Methodism has rendered the Empire is the extent to which its organization has made Englishmen at home everywhere. The Prince of Wales recently remarked that he always regarded Canada and Australia as being as much part and parcel of England as Sussex and Yorkshire. What Methodism has done has been to make this idea a reality. When a Methodist lad reared in some English village determines to cross the Atlantic, or take ship to the Antipodes, there to seek his fortune in lands where every well-doing man has a chance, what is it that comforts his parents as they send him forth, and supplies an element of hope and of cheer in the midst of the blackness and darkness of parting? It is the thought that wherever the boy may go, he will be sure to find himself within reach of a Methodist chapel; and that even in the uttermost ends of the earth there will be some class-leader who will look after him, some godly minister who will undertake to see to the lad's welfare. It is difficult to over-estimate the extent to which this has facilitated emigration by softening the pangs of separation, and comforting those who see their loved one go off into the wilderness. Methodism has been a great mother to the colonist. She has looked after his wants, attended to his needs; grouped him in families, and generally has presided over his earliest and most pressing wants. Nor is that all that she has done. One of the most painful facts in life is the speed with which old ties disappear, and we stand alone in the midst of what had once been a crowded circle of friends and relatives. A man goes to Australia or to Canada. In twenty years he comes back to find himself a comparative stranger in the land of his birth. His old acquaintances are dead, or they have moved or disappeared. In the case of the sons of colonists they feel still more lonely. When they revisit the old home they do not find it home at all. It is to them little more than a collection of more or less rapacious hotel-keepers. Of home life they see little or nothing. Here Methodism steps in, and by its letters of introduction, by its recommendations, and by its social activities it makes the home-coming colonist feel at home in the old home. It is true that this side of its beneficent action is not quite as much developed as it should be; but so far as it goes the influence has been pure good.

There are between twenty and twenty-five millions of English-speaking Methodists in the world at this moment. That is to say, there are more Methodists to-day than there were Englishmen of all creeds when John Wesley was at Oxford. It is impossible to look at this broad band of the Wesleyan millions with which the evangelical revival of last century has encompassed the world without feeling that it has contributed enormously to the growth of that deep, true feeling of English unity which is the foundation on which our Empire rests. When men rear a sandbank in Holland against the waves they find it indispensable to plant it with grass, the roots of which bind the sand into a tough and impregnable rampart. Otherwise the wind would disperse the sandy particles, and the restless waves would speedily level it with the plain. The function of the innumerable rootlets of grass in the Dutch sandbank closely resembles the part which Methodism, with its myriad chapels, has played in the consolidation of the unity of the English race. But for the marvelous way in which the myriad ramifications of the Wesleyan organization have penetrated everywhere, our English-speaking folk, heaped up like human driftwood on distant continents, would have been exposed to disintegrating forces from which they are now happily shielded. I have said nothing about the gain to our democratic Empire of the habit of self-government, the exercise in co-operative action, the stimulus given to thought for the public weal, all distinctly Imperial advantages which flow from the establishment of every Methodist chapel. Apart from these things, they have done enough to entitle Methodists to a high place as the Makers of Empire.

Miscellaneous.

GOD'S WAY IN THE SEA.
A Sermon.

BY REV. W. H. THOMAS, D. D.

"Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters; and Thy footsteps are not known."—PSALM 137:19.

THIS is a verse of song from the worship of a narrow inland people. It is a reference to an event in their history, when the sea became their gate that opened to let them out of slavery to become a nation, and then closed behind them to shut their enemies back.

It is no wonder they saw God's way in the sea that wrought for them so much. To-day a wider knowledge brings a wider interpretation of the relations God sustains to nature and life. In the old time God was looked for only in the abnormal, the miraculous; to-day we look for Him in the normal—in the steady pulse-beats of nature; in the creative processes that are constant; in the changes of nature and life that are continuous, persistent and uniform. So in the wide seas we are now exploring and mapping we may say with larger significance and profounder meaning, "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters; and Thy footsteps are not known."

First, there is a sense of exclusiveness in these words—"Thy way," "Thy path"—and this exclusiveness is a most impressive fact about the seas. God takes man in partnership on three-tenths of the globe, which is land. In the perfecting of fruit and flowers and animal life there is a divided work—God has a part, and man has a part. But not so on the seven-tenths of the globe which is His—that is His, exclusively, His alone. Man's way is on the land. There he has swept off his forests, cloven its soil, tossed aloft as fountains of waters the stone from the quarry and made it stand first in forms of beauty in palace and temple and city; he has drenched all lands with his blood, and furrowed all lands with his graves. Footprints of forgotten races are to be discerned in almost all lands.

But on the sea no footprints mark man's passage. No traces can be found there of the battles he fought. No dwelling-places, no monuments, no palaces, no structures of man's part can there be found. A fugitive passage over it is all that is permitted him—a passage that leaves no trace, nor anything permanent. One moment he is here in all his pride and strength passing over the dominion of God, but he cannot stay; he must pass on and leave no enduring track behind. On its surface men may war and fight and tear their destructive conflict; but a few feet below its surface their reign ceases, their influence is quenched, their power disappears.

The sea is now as it was in the beginning. Just as primitive humanity saw it, we see it. No track or wrinkle of man's creations or destructions is on it. It is God's now exclusively, as it was His then. It bears His marks, not man's. It is the unaltered, unchanged world of God. We look out on it as into aboriginal space; we go out of the door of man's kingdoms into the primeval element that God retains for His own. We sail out of the old world man has scarred into the new world that is as fresh and virgin as on creation's morning. So "in the prow of our ship is the gift of a new world," as fair and full of God as it was in the beginning when God saw that it was very good. We sail out of this worn and weary age into the youth of the world. It is not merely sailing over space but over time—back over thousands of years to the dawn of things on the earth. It is marvelous that the mountains and hills that seem so permanent are in fact fugitive; the land crumbles, wastes, and is carried down by wind and rain; it does not abide. But the sea that is always changing, yet changes not, never the same, it remains always the same; as it was in the beginning, it is now. Changeless, changelessness! Mutable immutability! Unstable stability! Fickle permanence!—ever rocking, yet lying there as it was when the morning stars sang together.

The sea is His—His alone! He made it; and there it lies just as He made it, alongside the land that time and man have marked and marred. Is this the secret of the wonderful charm of the sea—companionship with its limitless fresh life and freedom? that far away is the sound of the ceaseless toil and strife of human struggling, and we go forth on the domain of God alone? Domain untainted by man, with nothing to suggest his struggles or his history? Cities, nations, possessions, ownerships, civilizations, boundary lines cease, and "we are out on a clear peace of terrestrial space unmarred and unmarred."

Second, the way of His creative process is in the sea; the path down which existence emerges is there. Almost all primitive nations declare, in their cosmogonies, that earth is the daughter of the ocean. The Hebrews state it: "He hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods." And modern thought is largely settling in the same direction. In those immense reservoirs of life and force they look for the simplest forms of life. And as the globe, geologically speaking, began with the sea and may end with the sea, so in the sea may be traced the forces that make and unmake life. Indeed, it appears from one point of view that the sea is everything. We study the strata of the earth—rocks, clay, sand, chalk, conglomerates—and we find they prove that the materials of continents have been made by the sea and mostly in the sea. Many rocks, like Scandinavian granites, long believed to have come from the earth's interior, are now thought to be ancient rudimentary strata slowly transformed by the mechanical and chemical action of the sea. The sides and summits of mountains now thousands of feet above the sea level are marked by traces of the action of the seas in ancient times. And now we mark these changes; shores sink away and are swallowed up in the sea; in other places shores emerge and the ocean line withdraws farther and farther away. Granite coasts are disintegrated by the action of the waters which carry away their constituents—quartz, feldspar and mica—to build them up into new rocks. The clay, made of the slow decomposition of feldspar, is transformed into slate, or later known as the ancient schists. The animal life that swarms in the sea, by its shell, coral, and other coverings, is building up banks and islands that by and by appear as land. So in the ocean the work of creating a new world is constantly going on. Past continents and islands have disappeared; the present are disappearing, or will disappear, in whole or part;

and out of the deeps arise the new worlds whereon humanity is to dwell.

And, more than this, the ocean stretches out its arms of vapor and rain, and tears down the mountains and the hills. The moisture that rises the granite mountains, that condenses into the glaciers that carve out valleys and carry down the bowlders; the waters that burrow into the earth and dissolve rocks and hollow out caverns and bring up their mineral treasures to the surface; the rivers that save continents from being uninhabitable deserts, and that carry down the earth they water to the sea; the daisy of the field that weas its drop of diamond dew; the cup of the mountain flower that the night fills with drink;—all these things, and untold more, are the messengers from the sea that go forth and return again whence they come. The layer of fourteen feet of the sea surface taken up yearly by evaporation into the clouds, comes back laden with spoils from all lands. How humanity has longed to see the Creator's hand at work fashioning this fair fabric. To know the truth about beginnings, how men have explored and studied! But the sight has been at hand always in the seven-tenths that was creating and upholding the three-tenths.

In the ocean we look on creation's morning as did the seers of old. The world in its infancy is rocked in the cradle of the deep. There we look upon the youth of the world. Its breath is a breath out of the morning of the world. The seashore is as the boundary of two worlds. We stand in the present and look out on original things. Here we look on the work-shop of creation. Here continents are forming; islands are building. The world that shall be, is here constructed; and when we are gone and forgotten, it will be lifted up out of the great deep, and men shall dwell on it and consume the stores now hoarding and gathering for them. And as in the waves that come to-day we see the influence of the storm that passed away off, so the sea itself is the echo of passing forces. It heaves with the creative power that works in its deeps afar off. It trembles as the air of the great foundry trembles and quivers under the labor of ponderous hammers forging steel guns and armor plates and engines; so it trembles as creative forces hammer out continents and build up the hereafter. The long roll of its ceaseless waves on the coast are the echoes of God's steps as He passes by on His creative way in the sea, and walks His path of construction in the great waters.

Third, so long while there is the sense of exclusiveness in the sea; while its vast solitariness seems to echo, "I am God, and beside Me there is none else!" It has also the sense of inclusiveness; as holding something for each and all. The habit of our thought is apt to be, that the good and devout have a monopoly of God. But "there's a wideness in God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea." "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." He has thought, solicitude, bounty, long-suffering and tenderness for all. And there is something in the sea that catches all classes of minds, and ministers to all. The trader may see in it only a highway for his traffic, where he pays nothing for right of way, does not have to keep the road-bed in order, nor the fences in repair. He may sigh over its wealth of sunken argosies, the untold gold and gems and pearls, the sunken cities and palaces it hides. But the philosopher sees in it the place where the primordial life of the globe had infancy; the place where life buried the secrets of the ancient days. Its every billow presents the insoluble problem of motion without progress; its depths the teeming fountain of life and health for animal and vegetable life—in those depths and far away is the creation of continents; its power as the great equalizer of the world's temperature that makes earth habitable. He sees the hand of far-off worlds scooping up its waters into tides; its laws of buoyancy; its ocean rivers, with banks and currents well-defined; the great power that is in the softness of its mobile waters breaking against the granite cliffs, "as if you should pelt an iron-clad with feathers," yet as the poet sings:—

"Sure is thy victory, O emblem of weakness,
Certain tides overthrow, ponderous wall;
Bristle is sternness, but mighty is meekness,
O wave that wilt conquer, O cliff that must fall!"

And this power that removes mountains he marvels to see held in its place by a rope of sand. And the artist, what a world of beauty and grace for him! What fret of foamy lace in its wave tips, its feathers of grace; what embroideries now here, now gone, adorn the rolling windows of water! What delicate lines of curve and swell even in its most turbulent tumult! Fragile and slight as wreaths of vapor are the spray crowns of foam on the head of the storm. And beauty of color, too. We sail on Jasper seas; we glide over fields of golden fire; we plough through seas of blood, or the deeply, darkly beautiful blue of that green seen only in the deep seas in mighty agitation, and at Niagara when the waters gather for the leap. And what feathers of silver, plumes of snowy foam, adorn the waves, that prance on like battalions of soldiers uniformed in blue and green—squadrons forever advancing, forever disappearing, yet forever there. Ah, what living colors that dash and pass and change and play in endless combination in this molten sea of color—"the chameleon sea."

How men have wished, when the summer was clothed in its early brightness, that flower and tint could be preserved forever as they were. In the gardens of the sea this is done: The shells are like tinted flowers that do not wither; petrified gardens are there; beauty is held enchained, flowers enthralled; as, in the legend, a tropical island with flower, fruit and bud, was frozen in the ice and held fast in its beauty forever. The way of His beauty is in the sea, and His loveliness is in the great waters.

And time would not serve to even allude to the world of poetry that poets find there. The devout man finds as the Quaker poet found:—

"It waves are kneeling on the strand
As kneel the human knee;
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The presthood of the sea."

The joyous sings as Bryant sang:—
"The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun at once, as when
The hands of a great multitude are
Upward flung in acclamation."

The resolute sees there,—
"The strong will and the endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of fate."

The world-weary soul finds,
"Here like a kind hand on my brow
Comes the fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow;
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life—the healing of the sea."

Here where the sunny waters break
And ripple the keen breeze: I shake
All burdens from the heart
All weary thought away."

Yes; all inclusive is the sea. Burroughs writes: "What a cemetery, and yet what healing in its breath; what a desert, and yet what plenty in its depths; how destructive, and yet the continents are its handwork!" "Sea full of food, and nourisher of kinds, Purger of earth, and medicine of men," and yet famine and thirst, dismay and death stalk the wave. Contradictory, multitudinous sea—a despoiler and yet the renewer; barren as a rock, yet as fruitful as a field; old as time and young as to-day; merciless as fate and tender as love; the fountain of all waters, yet mocking its victims with the most horrible thirst, sulking as a hammer and caressing as a lady's palm; falling on the shore as a wall of rock, then creeping up the sands as with the rustle of an infant's drapery; cesspool of the continents, yet creating a most sweet elixir by its breath; pit of terrors, gulf of despair, caldron of hell, yet health, power, beauty, enchantment dwell forever with the sea." Comply with its laws, meet its requirement, and it is true and faithful; it will buoy up safely the mightiest ship man can construct and keep safely the tiniest, most fragile "chipwood." Disobey it, and it is a monster swallowing up remorselessly the crowded steamer and the tired swimmer alike.

Fourth, there is also the element of unknowableness. "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known." With all that is written and said and known of the sea, its vastness eludes us and mocks our expression. And as no man can comprehend God—the best of us can only apprehend Him—so of the sea. We apprehend, but we cannot interpret it. We get closer to God in nature there than elsewhere, and, like the poet,—

"Mingle with His universe and feel
What I can never express yet cannot all conceal."

And who sees God, or apprehends God, as did Paul, unutterable things. Look! for centuries the rill or river of divine life has flowed on through the race in prophet and Messiah and apostle and evangelist. Its record is in part in this book, this Bible, but that is not the life that flowed in their great souls; it is only the record of that life; and as unknown and indescribable to us as it would be if we went to the dweller in the midst of a desert, whose only sight of water had been the little pool at the bottom of some well and described to him the ocean—how little would he know from the story! And so, on the sea, as elsewhere, God's footsteps are not known. There is something new always appearing, new surprises, endless variety, and a vastness immeasurable, unknowable. The way of His greatness is in the sea. The path of His incomprehensibility is "in the great waters."

I do not wonder that Jesus walked so much by the sea, went so often on the sea, found His dearest disciples among the fishermen of the sea; and that to-day the sea fascinates, allurements and holds permanent charm for so many, and that the best interpretation nature furnishes of God is found by them in the sea. It is well to look for God in this His world, to behold His way in the sea, to search for His path in the great waters; that when we set sail on the dark sea that lies at the further shore of life, and follow the dear ones gone before, we may there find His way on that sea, and His path on those great waters.

AN OLD-TIME BOSTON PREACHERS' MEETING.
A Reminiscence.

BY REV. B. H. HOWARD.

MY first visit to Boston was in the spring of 1865. I had come down from northern Vermont to see the "Hub" with my own eyes. Stopping in the city over Sunday, I availed myself, of course, of the opportunity afforded of visiting the noted headquarters for all Methodists, at Cornhill. There I met Dr. Cobleigh, editor of ZION'S HERALD, busily occupied with his editorial duties, and toiling away in a little den, in striking contrast with that paper's present palatial editorial quarters. Then and there I also first met Franklin Rand, so cordially recognized by all as one of the most princely of men. I remember, on that occasion, forming a very pleasant acquaintance with Bro. Sanford B. Sweetser, then of Peabody, and Rev. Wm. McDonald. I recollect hearing the latter very positively intimate to the ZION'S HERALD editor that he desired the notice of no book of his in his columns which the editor had not himself actually examined, so as to know what he was writing about.

Meantime it was hardly necessary to say that the event of special note connected with this visit to Methodist headquarters in Boston was my first introduction to the Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting. This meeting, in those days, was held in a very small, unpretentious loft, or attic chamber, attached to the Book-room premises. As the hour for the opening of the meeting approached, a brother appeared at the head of the stairs and announced that fact, energetically calling upon the brethren at once to put in an appearance. I ventured to follow the crowd, and so entered "the little upper room." I do not now remember who was the presiding officer of the meeting on that occasion. I had the good fortune to obtain a seat by the side of the always courteous Rev. E. A. Manning, who, in answer to my interrogatories, kindly pointed out the dignitaries present, or informed me who the principal speakers might be.

I well remember George Prentice, then stationed at Newtonville, and in whom I had become much interested because of certain vigorous, trenchant, sensible remarks by him in ZION'S HERALD on the atonement—intimating that no soul personally seeking salvation ever thinks of the theologic Christ, much less of the accepted "orthodox theory" of the atonement. Yes, and just here I remember another thing—how that, standing that morning by his father's knee, was a robust, noble-looking boy of about ten years of age, the son that years after, having become a

scholar of great promise, a successful teacher, an earnest Christian young man, while yet in life's bright morning, was carried to the grave. J. P. Collier, that most genial of men and royal preacher was present. What a joy it was just to look into his face! Dr. Charles K. True, then stationed (I think) at Hanover Street, read an essay. He prefaced the reading by the statement that the paper that he was about to present was a "rejected address." He had prepared it in competition for a prize, but he had failed to win the prize. His theme was "tobacco," and he took radical grounds against its use, particularly by ministers of the Gospel. No sooner had he concluded than Father Taylor sprang to his feet (this was my first sight of the famous sailor-preacher), and denounced the doctrine of the essay, insisting that, as tobacco was a good creature of God, it must be right to smoke and chew it. Another essayist on this occasion was the late Samuel Tupper. This was the only time I had the pleasure of meeting this truly saintly man. He died soon after. If I remember correctly, his paper consisted of an outline of a sermon on the words, "Holding forth the word of life."

When he had concluded, among other remarks made, B. W. Gorham inquired whether any one present could inform him what was the probable basis of the striking rhetorical figure involved in the phrase, "Holding forth the word of life?" Turning at length to Dr. Wm. Butler, the speaker asked whether he might not be able to shed some light upon that subject. The latter arose and modestly observed that he could not speak positively or critically in reference to the matter, but suggested that, in the words of the apostle referred to, an allusion might have been conveyed to the Alexandrian Pharos, the meaning being that, as that notable tower lifted up its blazing torch over a dark and sometimes stormy sea for the benefit of the imperilled mariner, so the preacher was to be a light-holder for Christ, "holding forth the word of life." I was exceedingly glad here again to see and hear Dr. Butler. I had not seen or heard him since more than ten years before. I had heard him, just previous to my conversion, preach in the old time-honored Methodist church in Burlington a sermon on the words, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" on which occasion the good doctor illustrated his doctrine by his style of utterance and delivery. He literally preached with his might; and the sermon produced a lasting—not to say saving—impression on the mind of at least one young and careless college student, who from a distant gallery that evening listened earnestly to that gospel message almost in spite of himself.

Sandwiched between these two events were Dr. Butler's memorable experiences in India. He had not yet founded the Mexican mission. Dr. John W. Butler, at present practically at the head of that wonderful work, at the time of which I am writing was a mere lad, say of some ten or a dozen years of age. How gratifying that this Nestor of New England Methodism—Dr. Wm. Butler—after his glorious record for the church at home and abroad is still with us; and that, though doubtless beginning to feel somewhat the infirmities of age, his tongue has as yet by no means lost any of its marvelous eloquence, or his voice aught of its melting pathos, or persuasive power. Long may he still live in the midst of those who delight it is to do him honor!

Meanwhile, how comparatively few of that company, assembled that morning in that Cornhill loft and participating in the exercises of that Preachers' Meeting, still remain! More than half of them have probably now crossed the flood. One of the last, if not indeed the very last, of these was that gifted, eccentric genius, B. W. Gorham. And the mention of this brother's name reminds me of a very remarkable incident in his history. It occurred at the Sterling camp-meeting, some eighteen months subsequent to the above-mentioned Preachers' Meeting. It was evening. L. D. Bentley was to preach. Gorham was invited to make the prayer. That prayer, if prayer it might be called, which was more an inspired prose poem, a lofty, glowing, meditation on the government of God, in which the whole history of the plan of salvation, in the most vivid and majestic rhetoric, was outlined—that prayer was not less than thirty minutes in length! Under its influence the great congregation was moved as the forest is when swept by the winds of autumn; was stirred as the ocean is when wrought by the tempest's mighty power. More than once the petitioner was obliged to pause until the tumult and excitement had subsided sufficiently for his voice to be heard. Nor did this enforced suspension of speech on his part seem, in the least, to diminish his ardor. Resuming his line of thought where it had been temporarily left, he would again sweep on and up in his seraphic flight until the uprising storm about him would yet again drown his voice. At length, rising to the very top of his high argument, in a perfect tempest of shouts and hallelujahs, the prayer concluded. Whether Mr. Gorham ever had such an experience as this before then, or has had since, I am unable to say. Personally, I question whether the equal of this performance, in many important respects, has ever occurred in the history of our Methodism.

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

There was a pretty scene in the Tabernacle Presbyterian church the Sunday before Decoration day, when the 400 or 500 people in the congregation will not easily forget.

Dr. J. H. Bryson (of Huntsville, Ala., ex-moderator of the Southern Assembly), had been announced to preach, but previous to the sermon Dr. McCook, the pastor of the church, announced that at the afternoon service he would preach a Decoration-day sermon to the Second Regiment, of which he is chaplain. When Dr. McCook sat down, and while the choir softly sang, those nearest the pulpit noticed that the clergymen whispered together for a moment and then, as if by a sudden inspiration, heartily shook hands.

When Dr. Bryson arose his face was marked with feeling. He stood for a moment silently watching the eagerly attentive faces in the congregation, and then, controlling his voice with evident effort, and speaking in tones of rare sympathetic quality, he said:

"By a singular providence, Dr. McCook and I discovered a few minutes ago that we had both been chaplains. After he had spoken of addressing the soldiers I said: 'You probably didn't know that I was a chaplain in the Confederate army.' 'No,' he said, 'but now

I know that we are both chaplains in God's great army.' And right there we grasped hands across the years. Soldiers find it no difficulty to come together. There is no enmity between the soldiers of the North and the soldiers of the South. Christianity is above everything. At Chickamauga I gave up everything for both—all I had to eat, all I had that would give comfort to the suffering, freely yielded. I knew no difference between friend and enemy. When a Northern soldier asked me why I did it, I said, 'It was providence that brought you into my hands.' The past is dead. In the dark days of the war I prayed to God that it was His will, and if it was for the glory of His church, we might have success, when the end came I said, 'It is the will of God.'

"At the meeting of the Southern Assembly in St. Louis I urged that we come together. I begged them to do it. No matter what the past has been, we must look to the future. Our country is now united and progressive, and our church dare not lag behind, and I say to you (turning to Dr. McCook) and to you people that I will never rest until I have seen the Northern and the Southern churches brought together again."

The silence in the vast auditorium while Dr. Bryson had been speaking was almost oppressive, and our church dare not lag behind, and I say to you (turning to Dr. McCook) and to you people that I will never rest until I have seen the Northern and the Southern churches brought together again."

"I shall we not rise and greet the brother?" he said. And then, as the congregation rose, the pastor reached forth his hand and the chaplain of the North and the ex-chaplain of the South warmly grasped hands.

"Thank you, thank you," Dr. Bryson murmured, and as the congregation sat down the eyes of both chaplain and ex-chaplain were suspiciously moist.—Philadelphia Record.

EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.

A wealthy man, whose name remains unknown, has given \$350,000 for a Christian university in Peking, China.

Guido Rossi, school inspector of Italy, is having "Tact, Push, and Principle," by Wm. M. Thayer, translated into Italian for a reading book for the public schools.

A law school for women is to be established in New York, next fall, by Mrs. Emily Kempin, LL. D., a graduate of the University of Zurich. All the instruction will be given in the form of lectures.

Ninety-five per cent. of the students of Franklin College, New Athens, Ohio, are professing Christians. Sixty-six per cent. of its alumni have entered the ministry.

The School of Christian Philosophy now has 500 members. Its eighth anniversary was celebrated at Key East Beach, N. J., July 24. Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York city, was re-elected president.

In the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University ten new scholarships for young men became available the coming year. The total number of free scholarships in the University is now over one hundred, and the total amount of aid thus annually dispensed to needy students is more than ten thousand dollars.

Amherst College claims the honorable distinction of supplying from its graduates a larger number of ministers than any other American college; twice as many as either Yale or Oberlin, three times as many as Williams, four times as many as Dartmouth, and nine times as many as Harvard.

There are now 1,368 boys in Girard College, and nearly 300 waiting admission, many of whom the trustees hope, will find accommodation in the institutions founded by the Misses Drexel and I. V. Williamson. There are now 450 boys in the School of Mechanical Instruction.

It is announced that Professor Edward G. Coy, instructor in Greek in Phillips Academy, Andover, has been elected and has accepted the principalship of Phillips Academy at Exeter. Mr. Coy has been connected with Phillips Andover for fifteen years, and it is with the keenest regret that the hundreds of old Phillips boys will hear of his departure.

How happy are the Musselman students at the University of Fez! True, they have to rise at 2:30 A. M. in summer and at 5 A. M. in winter, and their labors are not over till 9:30 P. M.; they have but one holiday in the week, and on that they are expected to practice total abstinence both from studies and from food. But in exchange they have no examinations. Each professor knows how to distinguish those of his hearers whose qualities render them worthy of a diploma, which diploma is highly valued, and gives those who possess it a veritable prestige in the Musselman world.—Christian Register.

Prof. H. H. Boyesen, of Columbia College, tells this good story on himself. He was to lecture upon a literary theme in a certain town for the first time. He had focused his address for the cultured audience he anticipated. Imagine his surprise to find an audience of young people, among them many lads from twelve to sixteen. His lecture was falling flat. He felt it. He soon laid aside his formal lecture and began to talk to them, but with little better success. More by talk than by wit he accidentally remarked, "I was not so good a boy as I might have been." "You bet," sang out a little twelve-year-old lad, and all joined in a good laugh, after which he had that audience perfectly in hand.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

The president of one provincial legislature in Japan is a Christian.

Mr. Bryson, in his "American Commonwealth," characterizes the C. S. G. C. as "one of the most interesting institutions in America."

There is a proposal in England to celebrate the approaching centenary of John Wesley's death by starting a connectional fund for evangelistic work throughout the country.

Canton, China, has fifteen Christian chapels. A missionary writes that the number of students in the Anglo-Chinese College is increasing. There are now almost seventy.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gamewell, of our church, sailed from Vancouver, July 26, on their return to China.

Miss Emma Kverding, of Syracuse, has returned home much broken in health. She went to Japan in 1883, and has labored in Nagasaki. She made a splendid record on the field.

Trinity Church, Denver, Col., has in its audience-room two boxes, similar to those in theatres, for the special convenience of invalids and those who take small children to church.

Postmaster General Wanamaker spoke for half an hour Sunday afternoon before the Young Men's Christian Association at Saratoga on the subject of practical Christianity. There was a very large attendance.

"Missionary Day" at Thousand Island Park is August 25. Rev. J. T. Gracey will preach in the morning. Miss Gibson will speak at the Woman's Foreign Missionary anniversary in the afternoon. Rev. J. H. Worley, of China, will speak on mission work in that country in the evening, and address the children at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Hartford Courant says: "Bishop Asbury in his journal speaks of exhorting a man over a hundred years old to give his heart to God, on the ground that he had very little time left. The man answered, 'But my father lived to be a hundred and nine.'"

Two nuns in a monastery near Timorova have declared themselves Protestants and left the monastery. They were arrested, and are now held under surveillance pending the decision of the ministry. One is betrothed to a prominent member of the Methodist society, who claims the right to take her.

The Bombay Guardian says: "We rejoice to see a new venture at the Indian Witness office in Calcutta. It is the printing and circulation every week in Bengali of 10,000 sermons written by Bishop Thoburn. It is proposed, as funds come in, to print in five different languages every week, thus securing an immense native congregation for the Bishop's words."

To this the Indian Witness adds: "Last week 11,000 Bengali tracts were required to fill the orders registered in advance, and on Monday every copy was gone. Some of the Lord's stewards are remembering that work locally. Fresh live Gospel tracts distributed every week will exert a powerful influence. We are praying that funds may be furnished and distributing agencies organized sufficient to put 100,000 of these sermons into circulation each week. Why not?"

The Brighter Day is Coming.

A NET increase of nearly 877,000 Christians for the year is no insignificant return. The deaths among the 19,790,323 Christians of last year must have made a large figure. The loss and all other losses have been made good by conversions and immigration, and nearly 900,000 gained in addition. We now have 142,767 churches and 98,322 ministers, showing a net gain of 3,882 churches and 3,865 ministers. A clear addition of an average of between ten and eleven churches, and as many ministers every day in the year, does not appear to indicate decline of power of growth. A daily harvest of 240 souls is not symptomatic of that decay which certain skeptics profess to discover in Christianity in this country. If in addition to the grand totals of churches, ministers, and communicants, and the gains in each for the year, we could give the grand total of the millions, yes, billions of money invested in Christian churches and Christian institutions, and the millions upon millions more raised for the spread of Christianity's Gospel, we might hope to convince even the Theosophists, who think that now is the opportunity for Buddhism to take America, that Christianity has still some hold upon the people of this country.—The Independent.

MEN LIKE THAT SORT OF THING.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HUGHES.

(Read by the author at the Northfield Temperance Camp-meeting, Aug. 18.)

The liquor traffic rules the land;
Before the law saloon
The powers that be in weakness stand
At freedom's sunny noon.
Why lifts this curse its brazen brow
Beneath law's sheltering wing?
But one reply the facts allow—
Men like that sort of thing.

We stamp out fire in breathless haste,
We flee the floods that drown,
We fight diseases as they waste,
We put rebellion down.
There's power enough to stop to-day
The rum power at the spring;
But this one fact stands in the way—
Men like that sort of thing.

What is your legislation worth?
In every senate house
The mountain labors and brings forth
A little license mouse.
The people snore, the pulpit cries,
But rum to-day is king;
And here the simple reason lies—
Men like that sort of thing.

If States demand rum overthrown,
With all its splendid brood,
Are they so weak in their backbones
They can't do what they would?
Are free men bound to walk in chains
Bued by the whiskey ring?
The truth clear as the light remains,
Men like that sort of thing.

Old kingdoms fall and thrones are hurled
Down by the people's hand,
But here's the wonder of the world—
Rum laughs and rules the land
In spite of home, and church, and State,
And all the strength they bring;
But we shall own it soon or late—
Men like that sort of thing.

No phase of wrong, no form of ill,
Though thronged and crowned with power,
Against a sovereign people's will
Has ever stood one hour!
But through the land the rum-curse goes
With giant tread and swing;
Because, as every body knows,
Men like that sort of thing.

Deep down beneath the talk and vote,
All sentimental scum,
The trouble with the nation's throat,
She wants her beer and rum.
When States to-day for temperance move,
To morrow rumward swing,
What is it, but to clearly prove
Men like that sort of thing.

Ram's victims fall from sea to sea
Beneath the stripes and stars;
One half the land plays tragedy,
The other half plays farce.
We storm with mimic wrath and tears
The curse to which we cling,
And all the while the truth appears—
Men like that sort of thing.

How comes this brazen foul disgrace
To stand so long and reign?
When Dagon falls down on his face
We set him up again;
And o'er his coarse and brutal frame
A legal mantle fling,
Because—let it be told with shame—
Men like that sort of thing.

And so the roaring farce proceeds,
The tragedy runs high;
One half the nation stricken, bleeds,
The other half goes by.
To canons, ballot box, and still
Rum rules the law as King;
Talk, preach about it as we will,
Men like that sort of thing.

But stop! the end is yet to come!
The day rolls on apace
When this same cherished curse of rum
Shall bring down from her perch
The nation, shorn of strength and power:
Her solemn death-knell ring;
Will men look calmly in that hour
And like that sort of thing?

A drunken, staggering nation falls;
Debauched she will sink down,
Nor heed the voice of God that calls
To glory and renown.
In vain her patriots breathe her name,
In vain her poets sing;
Will men behold her in her shame
And like that sort of thing?

Forever on the nation's walls,
Amidst the fateful night
When drunken revels fill their halls
The Hand comes forth to write
The judgment of defiled laws,
The woes corruptions bring;
Will men see what Babel's tower saw
And like that sort of thing?

A splendid destiny effaced;
High aspiration fled;
A noble womanhood debased;
A glorious manhood debased;
A broken-hearted motherhood
Her hands in anguish wring;
Will men look

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, August 13.

— Salisbury says England's Egyptian policy will not be altered at his breath.

— Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria arrived at Berlin on a visit to Emperor William.

— President Harrison and party were entertained at Senator Hale's residence at Ellsworth.

— Professor Mahaffy at Chautauque criticized the doctrine that all men are created free and equal.

— Postmaster-General Wamaker authorizes treasury officials to pay one cent a word for telegraph messages.

— The Senate Court decides that it is competent to try Gen. Boulanger. The right will take no further part in the proceedings.

— The date of Mr. Maybrick's execution is fixed for August 26; Minister Lincoln has signed a petition asking that he be reprieved.

Wednesday, August 14.

— A marble palace will be built by William K. Vanderbilt at Newport.

— President Harrison at Bar Harbor was entertained with the "driving fun parade."

— Stevens, the cyclist, the searcher after Stanley, is returning very crestfallen.

— Thomas A. Edison and Russell Harrison took luncheon at the summit of the Eiffel tower.

— The steamship "City of Paris" makes the quickest eastern trip across the ocean on record.

— A large meeting was held in Baltimore in favor of holding the World's Fair in Washington.

— The Senate Court has found Gen. Boulanger guilty on two counts—conspiracy and an attempt at treason.

— Thomas A. Edison has been appointed a grand officer of the order of the Crown of Italy, by King Humbert.

— The new revenue cutter to be used at Charleston, S. C., has been named in memory of ex-Secretary Lot M. Morrill.

— Chakir Pasha, the new governor of Crete, announces that he will pursue a liberal policy which will be satisfactory to the Christians.

— Emperor William, at a banquet to Emperor Francis Joseph, says that the two armies will fight shoulder to shoulder if Providence so decrees.

— A military review and in the evening a dinner were given at Berlin in honor of the Austrian Emperor, who expressed his warm friendship for the German people.

— Prof. Elias Loomis, for the past thirty years professor of astronomy at Yale, is at the New Haven Hospital suffering from a complication of stomach disorders and is not expected to live.

— The Illinois State of State licensed the World's Fair of 1892 at Chicago, for the holding of an international exposition or world's fair, the city of Chicago to commemorate on its 40th anniversary the discovery of America. The capital cost is \$5,000,000.

— The State Department has received copies of the official announcement of the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition, to be held at the city of Dunedin. The exhibition is intended to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the colony of New Zealand.

Thursday, August 15.

— Mr. Bryce has acquired the sole ownership of the North American Review.

— Three French ironclads and a despatch boat sailed from Toulon yesterday for Crete.

— The Senate Court sentences Boulanger, Dillon and Rochefort to be deported to a fortified place.

— Col. Gay C. Underwood, for several years superintendent of the Deer Island institutions, is dead.

— A bill abolishing capital punishment received its third reading in the New Hampshire Legislature yesterday.

— Hon. Elihu S. Converse of Malden has given \$12,000 in cash and a piece of land for a hospital in that city.

— President Harrison left Bar Harbor yesterday, and arrived last evening at Manchester, N. H., where he spent the night. Along the route from Bar Harbor a long halt was made at Bath, where the President visited the shipyard.

— United States Supreme Justice Field yesterday met ex-Judge Terry in the restaurant of the railway station at Lathrop, California. Terry, to revenge an imaginary wrong, rose from his chair deliberately and slapped Justice Field on the face. Deputy Marshal Nagle, who was in the company of Justice Field with orders to protect him shot Terry dead.

Friday, August 16.

— Prof. Elias Loomis, LL.D., of Yale University, died yesterday afternoon.

— A despatch from Crete says that Chakir Pasha, the Governor, has proclaimed martial law.

— An unusually severe rain and electrical storm occurred at Ashbury Park, N. J., Wednesday night.

— President Harrison bids good-by to New England, and expresses himself as much pleased with his visit.

— On the complaint of Mrs. Sarah A. Terry, a warrant has been issued for the arrest of Justice Field charged with complicity in killing ex-Judge Terry.

— The surplus yesterday reached the highest point since last October—\$170,000,000. The pension payments for this month will use up \$18,000,000 of this.

— Emperor Francis Joseph left Berlin yesterday. He goes to Ischl via Leipzig. The two Emperors said farewell at the station, warmly embracing each other repeatedly.

— The Commissioner of Internal Revenue decides that casks or packages previously filed at a distillery cannot be refilled. The distillers are expected to make a vigorous protest.

— The fetes at Sofia in honor of the second anniversary of Prince Ferdinand's ascending the throne were a great success. Prince Ferdinand was everywhere greeted with great enthusiasm.

— The Northern Pacific Railroad Directors at yesterday's regular meeting received the proposition from Mr. Villard for a \$100,000,000 consolidated mortgage, but deferred consideration until Wednesday next.

— The new steamship "Friesland," belonging to the Red Star line, was launched at the yard of the builders, Messrs. Thomson of Clyde bank. The "Friesland" is a fine passenger and freight steamer of 6,700 tons.

— The Boston and Maine Railroad Company will in a few months abandon the present station in Haymarket square, and when the necessary alterations have been made the trains on the Western Division will run into the Boston and Lowell station.

Saturday, August 17.

— Boulanger and his two ex-patriated friends are out in a manifesto denouncing the Senate Court.

— It has been agreed upon at Johnston for the distribution of the \$1,000,000 relief fund remaining.

— Postmaster-General Wamaker arrives in this city, receives delegations and talks about the postal service.

— A ukase has been issued in Russia sanctioning provincial reorganizations under Count Tolstoy's scheme.

— The heavy and protracted rains have injured crops in the East to the estimated extent of millions of dollars.

— The Tithes bill is withdrawn in the House of Commons, the amendments practically constituting a new measure.

— Mr. Henry Weld Fuller, treasurer of Wood Lane Cemetery, and a well known citizen, died Wednesday evening.

— The envoys of Brazil to the International American Congress, to be held at Washington in October, arrived at New York.

— The Home Secretary will recommend to the Queen a commutation of the sentence of Mrs. Maybrick to imprisonment for life.

— Eliza Allen, the New York street-railway president, convicted of forgery, was yesterday sentenced to State prison for 14 years.

— Secretary Proctor decides that General Smith can hold a government office and at the same time receive his pay as a retired officer.

— The spreading of rails on the Butler branch of the Western Pennsylvania Railway yesterday wrecked a passenger train. Three persons were killed and about 25 wounded.

— William Traitor, who attempted to rob Money Broker Goetz Loeb at his office, 80 Broadway, New York, at the point of a pistol, was yesterday sentenced by Judge Gildersleeve to fifteen years in State Prison at hard labor.

— The exit for the arrest of Justice Field was served on him yesterday, and the Judge was at once released on a writ of habeas corpus. The California Supreme Court refused to adjourn out of respect to the late ex-Judge Terry.

Monday, August 19.

— French residents of London presented Gen. Boulanger with an address of sympathy.

— United States revenue marine officers will continue to seize vessels engaged in taking seals illegally.

— At Chautauque James O'Connor replied to Professor Mahaffy's criticisms on Home Rule in Ireland.

— John L. Sullivan was sentenced to twelve months in jail. He furnished bonds in \$1,500 and was allowed to go home.

— A bloody fight between two political factions has converted the court house at Richmond, Tex., into a morgue. A renewal of hostilities is expected although a military company has been ordered to the scene.

— U. S. Attorney Carey, of San Francisco, received a telegram from the department of justice at Washington, instructing him to assume, on behalf of the U. S. government, the defence of Deputy U. S. Marshal Nagle, who shot Judge Terry Wednesday morning.

YARMOUTH CAMP-MEETING.

(Continued from Page 1.)

89: 15. The preacher of the evening was Rev. D. A. Jordan, presiding elder of Providence District. The W. F. M. Society of this district held its annual meeting at 1 o'clock.

On Friday the three sermons were by the following: morning, Rev. Frank Parkin of the Franklin Chapel, Brooklyn; afternoon, Rev. S. F. Upham, D. D.; and evening, Rev. E. D. Hall of Stoughton. The adjourned business meeting of the Association was held in its building at 1 p. m. President Elia was in the chair. The committee on nominations reported the list of officers, and they were elected. The president was requested to communicate to Director O. T. Taylor the sympathy of the Association with him in his prolonged and painful illness. A committee was appointed to consider the advisability of building a new preachers' stand and tabernacle, and the directors were authorized to hire money to erect structures should this committee make a favorable report. A committee was appointed to revise the constitution and by-laws of the Association.

Saturday was an unpleasant day which interfered with the plans of many who come on that day to remain over the Sabbath. Rev. W. L. Hood, of Fairhaven, preached in the morning. The afternoon discourse was by Rev. John Oldham, of Campello, from 1 Tim 1: 15. R. J. Kellogg, of Cohasset, spoke in the evening from the words, "Reckon yourselves to be dead unto sin but alive unto God," etc.

Sunday was a charming day, and a large number of people were present at all the services, the first of which was a love-feast led by Rev. P. M. Vinton of Providence town. About 200 testimonies were given. The preacher of the morning was Rev. J. H. Nutting, chaplain of the State institutions of Rhode Island. His text was 2 Sam. 11: 29. Rev. J. Z. Armstrong, D. D., of Nashua, N. H., preached an excellent sermon in the afternoon from the text, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," etc. The above sermons were preceded by singing by a male quartette consisting of Rev. H. C. Scripps, George Haywood of East Bridgewater, E. O. Snow of Providence town, and F. D. Chubbuck. During the services at the stand a large number of people were also addressed in Railroad Square by Revs. George E. Dunbar, E. A. Hunt, J. N. Geisler, L.

M. Flocken, O. E. Johnson, O. A. Farley, and others. The sermon of the evening was by F. P. Parkin, of Brooklyn, whose text was these three words, "For Jesus' sake."

Monday was the closing day of the meetings. Rev. O. A. Farley, of Orleans, preached in the morning from this text, "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required." Rev. Robert Clark, of Sandwich, gave the afternoon sermon from 1 Cor 10: 13. Dr. Elia conducted the evening service, which consisted of the administration of the Holy Sacrament.

Children's meetings have been held daily, under the charge of Rev. H. C. Scripps, who is excellent for his work. Meetings for young people especially have also been held each day; also an unusual number of services in society tents.

The presiding officer has been very efficient, and under his judicious management the meetings have been interesting, harmonious and profitable. He has had the cordial co-operation of the corps of ministers who have been present. During the week there were some converted and others reclaimed. Among the clergymen present during the week who have not been mentioned were Revs. J. H. Buckley, of Castanet, J. H. James, of Plymouth, E. S. Fletcher, of Harwich, H. B. Cady, of Taunton, J. B. Washburn, of East Falmouth, E. B. Hinckley and James Goodspeed, of Oyster River, E. M. Thomas of Mendon, J. E. Verrell, of Sagamore, S. M. Beal, of Nantucket, George E. Brightman, of North Dighton, J. Q. Adams, of Bourne, Henry Hanson, of Quincy, and J. B. Husted.

East Maine Conference Seminary.

The commencement exercises of this School, which occurred in June, were of more than usual interest.

The careful examinations showed that thorough work by teachers and students had been done during the past year; and the unusually large number of clerical and lay visitors indicated that a deeper interest is being taken in the School than ever before. There have been in attendance the past year 526 students, and the graduating class numbered 46.

The instruction given in this School consists of ten distinct courses, from the Commercial to the thorough College Preparatory; and for thorough work in all its departments the Seminary ranks among the very first of its class in New England.

The class that graduated this year, when they entered, were mostly unconverted boys and girls; but now they go out into the world, not only with developed minds and brighter prospects, but with a well-grounded hope in Jesus to carry joy and gladness to many hearts, and scatter seeds of truth and righteousness along the pathway of life.

Rev. A. F. Chase, the principal, is a devoted Christian, an earnest worker, and a most valuable man for the School; he should be retained as long as possible in his present position. The teachers are all interested in their work, and seem determined to do their best for the interests of all the students.

The annual address was delivered by Rev. W. E. Huntington, Ph. D., of Boston University, and was such as inspired all hearts with nobler energy and renewed zeal for the active duties of life.

The full term of this Seminary begins Aug. 20, 1889. Let every minister in the East Maine Conference feel that this is our School, and present the interests of the same from his pulpit, and secure as many students as possible to attend this institution. Also, let us seek out men and women of means, and present to them the needs of this School that the Seminary may be more richly endowed, that ample provision may be made for the hundreds of students who flock here every year. The sum of \$50,000 is needed at once to erect and furnish a suitable building for use as a chapel, and class-rooms for the accommodation of the present number of students; and yet, the number is increasing every year. Dear brethren, let us go to work at once!

M. G. PRESCOTT,
Conference Com.

The Deaconess Convention at Ocean Grove.

BY MRS. L. A. ALDERMAN.

The General Conference of 1888 provided for a "new order of workers" in the church, specifying its name and duties, and prescribing how it should be constituted and directed.

In June of the previous year, Mrs. Meyer, of the Chicago Training School, found eight or ten of the students willing to remain in the city during the summer vacation, and continue the practical missionary work which had formed part of their training in the school, if home and heart could be furnished them. By vote of the executive committee of the Training School, the use of the reboil building was allowed these women, while their sustenance was to come from the churches, or individuals whose hearts "God should touch" to help in this work.

This was the beginning of the Deaconess Home in Chicago, about ten months previous to the action of the General Conference above referred to, and the first one in America under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, so far as we know.

The first national conference under this new movement, composed of members of the Board of Deaconesses, the Board of Managers from the Homes, and representatives from interested societies, met in Chicago Dec. 20 and 21, 1888, to suggest plans for securing uniformity in carrying out the general plan given in the Discipline of our church, 1888, as found on pages 207, 208.

The second conference was appointed for Aug. 7 and 8, 1889, at Ocean Grove, N. J., and in connection with it, a Deaconess Convention.

The programme was an attractive one, and well carried out. "Deaconesses in Europe, and their Lessons for America," was ably and charmingly presented by one of New England's gifted ladies, Miss Jane M. Bancroft, who has spent much time in studying this special agency by personal contact with it, familiarizing herself with the

details of its practical work. The "Kaiserwerth Deaconess work," commenced by Theodore Fliedner in 1839, has become a net-work of reformatories, hospitals and schools, extending to Italy, Syria, Northern Africa, and England. Most of these are managed or directed by the Mother-house in Kaiserwerth. Her reference to these institutions in England, specially at Mildmay where many English women of rank and wealth are found among the Deaconesses, was invested with such an attractiveness and power, as to rivet the breathless attention of the vast audience.

Then Rev. Dr. Nippert told briefly of "Deaconesses in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Germany," numbering several hundred, while the church has a membership of only ten or twelve thousand! "Shall the Work be Unaltered?" was presented in a clear, logical and convincing manner by Mrs. Meyer. Rev. Dr. M. D. C. Crawford seemed to have renewed his youth, as he dwelt upon this "new arm of service" in the church. If his address, with its spirit and eloquence on fire with Christly zeal and enthusiasm, could be heard by the whole church, young and old, there would be aroused such an interest, that the honest, earnest inquiry from tens of thousands of her members would come, "What can I do to help forward this work?" Mrs. Bottom, in her own unique manner, discoursed upon the "Sisters of the People" in London. Dr. Hurlbut gave a brief but telling talk on this special phase of applied Christianity. Dr. Wheeler we did not hear, but he is full of the "movement," and is committed most fully to its furtherance.

The last and crowning service was on Thursday evening. The spacious auditorium, with its seating capacity of more than five and six thousand, was more than half full certainly. After the opening exercises, and a few congratulatory letters from "over the sea," Bishop Nindé was introduced. He was strongly in favor of the "new order," and believed it would receive the strong support of the church, both of funds and recruits. Though there are but four Deaconess Homes in the country, there will soon be one in every large city. The women can be trusted to make the order one of the greatest agencies of the church.

Bishop Hurst, on "Our Newest Field for Woman's Work," held the vast audience spell-bound for an hour or more, and no one seemed weary or impatient. This order is new, yet not new—a return to the plan of the old apostolic churches. When the resolution providing for this innovation was introduced into the General Conference, it was passed by the Conference hardly knowing what they did. Probably had the matter been given a longer discussion, it would not have passed; the "order" would not have been created. No prophetic eye can measure the great amount of good that will be accomplished through its means in the next ten years.

Mr. Blackstone, the president, needs no commendation from us. He is the embodiment of meekness and gentleness, but a keen observer, broad thinker, and wise planner—the right man in the right place.

Sessions of the Conference were crowded into every spare half-hour. Committees on Organization, Methods of Support, and Uniform Dress, were full of work. Discussions and recommendations—for none of the proceedings of this Conference were legislative—were placed on record, to be submitted to the Board of Bishops at their meeting in November.

As we turned our faces homeward from this Elm, we felt more fully than ever before the depth and true significance of an expression from the pen of Miss Willard: "No action more fully freighted with hope for humanity glides the sunset glories of the nineteenth century than the re-establishment of the order of Deaconesses in almost every branch of the church universal."

Hyde Park, Aug. 15.

ARMY FORAGING.

BY REV. THEODORE GERRISH.

It was two days before the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox. On the first day of April our corps, under the command of Gen. Warren, had with Gen. Sheridan's cavalry fought and won the great battle of Five Forks, and for seven days and nights we infantry men, or "mudpads" as the cavalrymen called us, had raced madly on to keep pace with our mounted and more fortunate comrades. The army was in pursuit of Gen. Lee, and we wanted to be in at the death. The distances were long and the rations were short, so that when we went into camp on that April evening two days before Lee's surrender, we were as tired, ragged, hungry and footsore as a regiment as you ever chanced to meet.

The guns were no sooner stacked than those of us sallied forth in quest of food. Our armament consisted of a Springfield rifle, an axe, and a big butcher's knife. We tramped on in the twilight through fringes of forest and across fields for fully three miles before we discovered any indications of a human habitation. It was then quite dark, but through the gathering gloom we saw a large mansion upon a hill surrounded by the broad acres of a Virginia plantation. We proceeded somewhat cautiously up the hill, for we were well aware that we had passed outside the limits of the Union army before the picket line had been established for the night, and that we were liable to stumble upon a squad of Confederate cavalry at any moment.

When we reached the mansion, we found that it, with all the out-buildings, was evidently deserted. We quickly decided to search the house, hoping to find something to eat. Tom volunteered to stand guard on the outside with the gun, while Joe and myself conducted the search inside. From room to room we groped our way, searched closets and all sorts of nooks and crannies in the huge, old-fashioned house upstairs and down, but all in vain. We then held a council of war,

and finally resolved to search the cellar. Down the old stairs with infinite pains we made our way. It was as dark as a dungeon. Slowly we tramped around, frequently thumping our heads against a post or a beam, until at last we found that a loose board floor had been placed in one portion of the cellar. This looked encouraging. We tore up the floor, and discovered what must have been nearly all the household treasures, where they had been concealed by their owners in their hasty and recent flight. Clothing, crockery, and other articles were thrown aside with but little ceremony, and at last, to our great joy, we found several sides of bacon. Such a discovery under such circumstances was enough to make a hungry soldier cheer.

But the cheer was not given, for just at that moment we were alarmed by the sharp crack of a rifle, followed quickly by the reports of cavalry carbines. Then a shout and rush of horses' feet, and soon all was quiet. What was to be done? Silently each of us took a small piece of the bacon. Joe carried the axe, and I clung to the knife. Joe was in advance. We reached and were climbing the rickety stairs, when down they went with a crash. Joe sprang forward, and reached the upper landing. That was not very good fortune, however, for broken stairs, splintered boards, and myself went backward in "one red burial blanket." While Joe was making his way to the open air to discover the cause of the alarm, I arranged a long stout board and thus climbed from the cellar to the landing. At that moment I heard a shout from Joe and more carbine shots. My first impulse was to keep quiet and remain in the house; but if the Confederates imagined there were any more within, they would not hesitate to turn the house and roast them out. I resolved to steal out quietly, and, if possible, escape detection. I found the door open. I peered out into the darkness, but could see nothing of Tom, Joe, or any one else. I stooped low and moved off, as I supposed, in the direction of our regiment. I had not gone far when behind a small shed rode half a dozen horsemen who began to shout, "Halt! Halt!" and as if to give emphasis to their command, they began to shout as they rode rapidly towards me.

It was a fair field and a free race. Fortunately for me it was down hill, and the plowed field was soft. I ran as fast as a frightened man could. The horses galloped after, but sank deep into the soft soil at every bound. The troopers tried to make a good chase, but their horses' feet flew from the mark. We crossed the field. I climbed a high fence, forded a large stream of water, and, thoroughly exhausted, lay down in a thick clump of bushes in time to hear my pursuers pass by my place of concealment. They made a brief search and then returned, retracing their steps within five paces of the object of their search.

After they passed from hearing, I discovered for the first time that during all my flight I had clung to my piece of bacon. The knife, my only implement of war, I had lost, but the bacon was secure. I then made my way towards the Union army. I soon encountered the picket line, and reached my regiment at 2 o'clock in the morning. It is quite needless to write that we had bacon for breakfast that day. Joe rejoined us late in the afternoon. Tom had been captured, and came back to us on the pig of Lee's surrender. We have never visited the old mansion since. Tom has gone, I know not where, and two years ago I received the sad intelligence that Joe had just died out, amid the gold mines of Montana.

"BURDETTE'S" CHOICE.

My son, your brow is clouded; something has happened that didn't and doesn't agree with you. Were you neglected in the invitations? Didn't you get on any of the committees? Were you overlooked in the convention? Hasn't the secretary written you a personal letter asking your advice on the campaign? Have you been coldly passed over by men of less ability? Do you feel that an intentional slight has been put upon you? Can you see that everything is going wrong because you have not been consulted? Have you been directly snubbed by inferior people? Or, if thought as much, are your time and life such things are liable to occur. They used to happen with me, now and then. You will grow wiser as you grow older, unless you take the other chute, then you will grow more foolish, and there is only one cure for an old fool, my boy, that is death. Ordinary death won't cure him either. "Though thou shouldst bray him in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." See how get yourself snubbed and shirked, and how the duty road is to be killed? Smashing him only makes him worse.

But now, if any or all these slights have been put upon you, listen to me, my tender Telemachus. Don't show him. See how get yourself snubbed and shirked, and how the duty road is to be killed? Smashing him only makes him worse.

One day at the investment of Vicksburg—it was on the memorable 23d of May—during a lull in the desultory skirmishes which preceded the assault, while I was lying close to the surface of the great, round ball we inhabit, and wishing I could get a little closer to it, we heard a tremendous howling and shrieking, and down the duty road from the front came a blue-jacketed skirmisher on the trot, holding one hand up in the other, and the hand he was holding up had no thumb on it. It was like the mischievous I have no doubt, but it was only a thumb after all, and how the fellow was howling about it!

He was a brave man, or he wouldn't have been where he could have lost that thumb. But you would have thought it was the only thumb in the whole United States army, and that no one else on the skirmish line had been hit that morning. So the soldiers saw only the funny side of the picture, and a perfect chorus of howls, in vociferous imitation of the man's own wails, went shrieking up from the sarcastic line of men who were waiting their turn to face death. In a minute another soldier came walking back from the skirmish line. He was walking slowly and steadily; never a moue fell from his compressed lips, though they were whiter than his bronzed face, and he held his hand against his breast. The silence of the death-chamber fell upon the line in an instant, as the figure of the soldier moved along the road with the air of a conqueror. Half a dozen men sprang up from the skirmish line, and laid him down in the shadow of a great oak; his lips parted to speak a message to one a thousand miles away, and the line was short one man for the coming assault. He died of his hurt, but he died like a king.

Oh, my boy, don't yell the lungs out of you over a mashed thumb, when, only three flies down the line, a soldier salutes his captain before he faces about to go to the rear with a death bullet in his breast. You can't help getting hurt. There isn't a safe place in the whole line. There are cruel people in the world who love to wound us; there are the thoughtless, heedless people who don't think; there are people who don't care; and there are thick-skinned people who are not easily hurt themselves, and they think mankind is a thick hide race; in fact, the air is full of darts and arrows and slinging bullets all the time, and it's dangerous to be safe anywhere. But when you do get hit—as hit you certainly will be—don't "holer" any louder than you have to. Grin and bear it the best you may. There are some people so badly hurt that they must moan; do you forget your own hurt in looking after them.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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